

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL XIV—NO. 6.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 21 1801.

WHOLE NO. 682.

FILIAL HEROISM,

A TALE,—FROM THE PERSIAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

AT that unexpected sight, Meliabeth, equally affected with surprise and joy, lifted his hands toward Heaven, then stretching them forward through the bars of his window, crossed them, as if to embrace his dear child. How powerful and expressive is the mute language of nature! Not daring to utter any sound, lest he should attract the notice of his watchful guards, the affectionate and trembling father conversed with his daughter by signs.

Cantimir showed him a letter which she had conveyed across the river in the hair on the top of her head to preserve it from being wet; and she made him understand her wish that he should let down from his window a string to which she might fasten it. Meliabeth readily comprehended her meaning, and instantly tore his handkerchief into narrow stripes, which he tied together and let down according to her desire.

The dauntless maid, having immediately ascended as high as she could up the sloping base of the tower, seized the end of the string which her father had let down, and, forming on it a knot, made fast to it the paper, the faithful interpreter of her filial affection and lively solicitude.

The unfortunate Meliabeth thus corresponded with his dear child, unperceived by his guards, and concerted with her proper measures to effect his escape from confinement.

Cantimir having procured proper files for the purpose, conveyed them to her father by the same mean which she had used for her letter. With these he dexterously cut the bars of his window: after which, by uniting several thickesses of small twine, with which he had successively furnished him, he formed a strong rope, full of knots, to be used when occasion should require.

Every preparation having been diligently made, and a time appointed for his escape, Cantimir came in the dead of the night to rescue her father. He availed himself of the propitious moment without delay, and, at a preconcerted signal, let himself down from the window by the aid of his knotted rope.

When the poor old man had reached the foot of the tower, his frame was shaken by a universal tremor on seeing himself so near that beloved daughter whom for so long a period he had never once pressed to his bosom. On the other hand, the imminent dangers to which that dear object of his affection exposed herself, strongly presented themselves to his mind. He tenderly clasped her in his arms, and entreated that she would relinquish the dangerous enterprise, and suffer him to return to his gloomy cell in the tower.

What language were capable of describing the mutual contents of love which took place on this occasion between the father and the son? One must be a father to feel it: one must possess the sensibility of Cantimir to form a just idea of it. "Oh my father!" she exclaimed—"No! you shall no longer languish in chains. Ah! doubt it not—the gods have restored me to your embraces and you to mine for no other purpose than that of

rescuing you from the horrors of captivity. Their guardian care watches over the steps of innocence; cease to fear: the worst of the danger is past. See, how calm and serene a night, how brilliant a moon, conspire to favor our escape. In less than a quarter of an hour we shall have deceived the vigilance of the guards, and reached a place of safety."

"O my dear Cantimir!" replied Meliabeth in a voice interrupted by sighs, "May the almighty protector of justice listen to thy voice, and conduct us under happy auspices! Embrace me, my daughter! my dear child!"

At these words they rushed into the water, and swam with their utmost efforts toward the opposite shore.

After having proceeded to some distance, the hapless old man, chilled by the coldness of the water, suddenly sank and disappeared under the waves—"My father!" exclaimed Cantimir in affright—"O my father!"—The too officious echoes of the neighboring rocks loudly repeated her doleful cries, which were reverberated to the ears of the guard stationed in the tower. Immediately a light skiff was launched into the river, and some of the soldiers sprang into it to pursue the two fugitives.

Meantime Meliabeth had risen to the surface of the water: and the courageous Cantimir, swimming with one hand, with the other held up the head of her unfortunate father, who had now recovered his breath, and was making what efforts he could to stem the tide.

Fruitless! efforts cruel vicissitudes of human affairs! Crime often triumphs and prospers, while virtue sinks overpowered.—The father and the daughter had already gained the shore, and were even on the point of reaching a thick forest of tall reeds, when an arrow, discharged by one of their sanguinary pursuers, pierced Cantimir in the arm, and grievously wounded her. Retarded by the pain, and weakened with loss of blood, she was soon taken, and dragged back to the tower, together with Meliabeth, who had fainted at her disaster.

So soon as the morning dawned, the wretched father and his daughter were thrown into a covered boat, conducted under a strong escort to Bassora, and brought before the Governor. He was a man grown grey in the tyranny of office, whose heart was callous to pity, and who was utterly incapable of appreciating a noble or virtuous action. Oriental despotism admits not of long delay in the examination of causes, of whatsoever kind they be. Interrogated at the tenth hour of the day, the culprits were condemned and strangled at the twelfth.

When the interesting particulars of this affecting catastrophe were heard at Isfahan, there was not an individual in that immense city who did not admire the pious courage, ingenuity and industry exerted by Cantimir in favor of her suffering parent. Every heart was wrung with grief for her tragic fate: every eye bestowed on her misfortune a tributary tear: each woman lamented her as a daughter, each maiden as a sister. The Sophi himself participated the general sympathy, and loudly condemned the Governor's over-hasty pro-

cedure. "Most certainly," said the monarch, "I would have pardoned Meliabeth for Cantimir's sake." And indeed there is not under heaven a more affecting spectacle than that of a child confronting death to save the life of a parent.

By the Prince's order, a statue of white marble was erected in honor of the heroic maid, who was represented in the act of receiving her father into her arms at the foot of the tower. A splendid festival was instituted to perpetuate the memory of the noble deed: every year married dames and youthful virgins perform their pilgrimage to the revered monument, strew flowers around, kiss the marble with religious respect, and return warm with sentiments of admiration.

MISERY OF A PROLONGED EXISTENCE.

A CHINESE TALE.

OF all the misfortunes attached to human nature, none appears so distressing and severe as that of surviving our family and connexions: and the Romans were so sensible of the poignancy of this affliction, that—"May he survive his relatives and friends," was an imprecation they bestowed upon the degenerate part of mankind.

The loss of Liberty has frequently been thought the most distressing event that could be attached to life; but the following instance will prove that the inestimable blessing derives its value from Society and Friends.

Upon the accession of a new Emperor to the throne of China, a release was granted to all the prisoners in his dominions who at that time happened to be confined for debt. Among the number was an old man, who had been an early victim to adversity, and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual revolution of FIFTY SUNS!

With faltering steps he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of light, and the face of Nature presented a perfect Paradise to his view! The goal in which he had been imprisoned was at some distance from Pekin, and he directed his course to that city, impatient to enjoy the gratulations of his wife, his children, and his friends.

With the utmost difficulty he found his way to the street in which, formerly, had stood his decent habitation; and his heart became more and more elated at every step which he advanced. He proceeded, and looked with earnestness around in search of those objects which had once been familiar to his sight; but all was new—all was changed!—A magnificent edifice was erected upon the spot where once had stood his humble dwelling; and those prospects which he had expected to behold with delight afforded him only sorrow and vexation!

An aged pauper, who stood at the gate of a portico soliciting charity from its unfeeling guard, soon drew the emancipated wretch's attention; and whilst he relieved that distress which seemed superior to his own, he fearfully enquired after his own connexions. His wife, unable to support his loss, had fallen an early victim to distress and sorrow; his children had fled to distant climes, in

search of that support which was denied them in their own; and his dearest friends were mouldering in the dust!

Shocked at a tale so full of grief, he hastily returned to the palace of his Sovereign, and, in all the anguish of distress and sorrow, poured forth the effusions of his tortured soul.

"Great Prince!" he cried, "remand me to the prison from which mistaken mercy hath delivered me! I have survived my family and friends, and, in the midst of this populous city, I find myself in dreary solitude! The cell of my dungeon protected me from gazers at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded from society, I was less sensible of the loss of social enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasures in which I cannot participate, and die with thirst though surrounded with streams of delight!"

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

AN annual tribute, which, during the last two hundred years, has been paid by the family of Trawersfch, of Ostenstein, to a church in the valley of Domleschg, in the Grisons, has an origin too singular not to merit publicity and preservation. Amongst the scenes of anarchy and hostility which took place in the Grisons at the commencement of the 16th century, the prevailing party accused Pompeius Planta of having betrayed to the Spaniards, the interests of his country, and of the Protestants; and he was summoned to appear before the tribunal at Tufis. Either from the apprehension of delivering himself into the hands of prejudiced judges, or from the sensations of a guilty conscience, Planta refused to appear, and was consequently proscribed as a traitor. George Jenats, his mortal enemy, a degraded priest, and at that time a colonel in the service of the Republic, determined to be himself the executioner of the sentence. With that intent, he assembled some resolute men, with whom, during the night, he marched through a camp of three thousand Catholics, and appeared in the morning before the castle of Rietberg, where Planta imagined himself in perfect security. Jenats broke into the castle, and meeting Planta in the kitchen with a drawn sword in his hand, soon overpowered him and dragged him in an adjoining room, cut off his head with a hatchet, with such force, that the mark of it is still visible upon the floor. Planta's daughter, Lucretia, who was then very young, and afterwards married Baron Trawersfch of Ostenstein made a solemn vow to revenge the tragical death of her father, but many years elapsed before she found a favorable opportunity of performing her vow, in the gratification of that thirst after revenge which no time could alluage. At length, when Jenats was one evening at a ball at Coire, she ordered him, under some pretence to be called out; and the moment of his setting his foot into the street, she flew him with the very same hatchet which he had stained with the blood of her father.

In penance for this deed, Lucretia founded an annual benefice of 300 florins for the maintenance of the church and poor of the place where her father had been killed, Travellers may still see in the castle of Ostenstein the hatchet which was the instrument of this double assassination, and which is carefully preserved in memory of the event.

A MAIDEN LADY'S EXIT.

Mrs. GATFORD, an eccentric maiden lady of 57, who made her exit not long ago at Horsham, in Sussex County (England) left fifteen pounds per annum, to support certain animals, cats, dogs, parrots, Guinea-pigs, monkeys, &c. whom she kept with her in her own apartment; she left orders that her corpse was not to be buried for a month--that spirits of wine should be used for its preservation, and accordingly between thirty and forty pounds were expended in this manner. She was inclosed, agreeable to her request, in four coffins--a shell, a lead, oaken, and stone coffin, which was strictly observed. The Rev Mr. Evans, of Worship Street, London, was sent for down to inter her, and preach her funeral sermon at midnight; for it was her injunction, that her corpse should not be taken from her house till ten o'clock at night! She was buried in a vault in the General Bazaar Meeting at Horsham.

ANECDOTE.

THE wife of Bishop Cowper, being a very forward woman, she, left her husband should injure his health by his over much study, when he was compiling his famous Dictionary, one day, in his absence, got into his study, and destroyed all the notes he had been for eight years gathering; whereof when she had acquainted him, at which it was thought he would have been exceedingly enraged, he only calmly said, "Woman, thou hast doom'd me to eight years study more."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

VICTORY.

'TIS Victory!--I hear th' exulting cry,
The voice of Triumph echoes thro' the air;
The far resounding cannon rend the sky,
'Tis Victory!--the joyful crowd declare.

A thousand of our foes have met their fate,
Their leader's troops o'erstaid in sanguin'd plain;
Whilst we, with glorious conquest now elate,
Count of our own but half the number slain.

Mistaken passion, dost thou thus rejoice?
Canst thou in these sad scenes such glory find?
Oh, rather list to melting Pity's voice,
That bids thee mourn this slaughter of mankind.

Was not life's powerful tie to these as sweet
As to ourselves, its present joys who prove?
Did not their hearts with equal rapture beat
At the soft touch of Friendship and of Love?

Ah! yes--or why with apprehension pale,
In dread suspense appear yon sorrowing train;
Who trembling, hear the agonizing tale,
And ask a Son, a Friend, a Father slain!

Borne down with anguish see yon Rev'rend Pair,
One child alone their tenderest art could save;
Now nought remains for them but pining care,
For he is lost--their beautiful--their brave!

No more the kiss of pure paternal love
Shall you sad groups of weeping orphans share;
Cold is the hand that could each want remove,
Mute is the tongue that sooth'd each infant care.

That lovely form that o'er them fondly bends,
Whose looks betray unutterable smart;
While speechless agony her bosom rends,
Who clasps each little sufferer to her heart.

Say who can speak the widow'd mourner's woe,
To whom not one sweet ray of hope succeeds;
Doom'd each each endearing tie with grief to know,
In her the Wife, the Friend, the Mother, bleeds.

The rising morn no more shall charm her eyes,
Nor spring delight, nor glowing summer cheer;
Deep in her breaking heart her anguish lies,
And asks, in vain the utterance of a tear.

Oh Lord of Hosts, at whose supreme command,
The mightiest Nations rise, decline, and fall;
Who with entering power, and sov'reign hand,
Rulest from Pole to Pole this wondrous Ball:

Thou who rejectest not the sufferer's sigh,
To whose paternal care the wretched flee:
Father, to thee I lift th' imploring eye;
To thee I humbly bend the suppliant knee.

'Tis thine the cruel scourge of war to spare;
'Tis thine to bid eternal discord cease;
Oh list then to thy creature's earnest pray'r,
And give to man that first of blessings--Peace.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTION.

IN fading grandeur, lo! the trees
Their tawny'd honors shed;
Whilst ev'ry leaf-compelling breeze,
Lays their dim verdure dead.

Ere while they shot a vigorous length,
Of flow'rs, and fruit, and green;
Now shorn of beauty, and of strength,
They stand a shatter'd scene.

Ere long the genial breath of Spring
Shall all their charms renew;
And flowers, fruit, and foliage bring,
All pleasing to the view!

Thus round and round, the seasons roll,
In one harmonious course,
And pour conviction on the soul,
With unremitting force.

THE INATTENTIVE WORSHIPPER.

MYRTILLA does, 'tis true, repair,
Each Sabbath, to the House of Prayer;
So far we may commend:
But to be seen is all her care;
MYRTILLA may the trouble spare--
Her portrait let her send,

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AN HONEST BUSINESS NEEDS NO BLUSH.

AN old gentleman having two daughters, one of whom is lately married, the other going abroad,--and knowing that it is not good for man to be alone, wishes to be connected with a lady of the following description:--A maiden from forty to fifty years of age, of a religious turn, but not gloomy; it is immaterial what church she belongs to, so that it be christian;--of an amiable, cheerful temper;--not over lully,--about the middle height, or under, and not ugly enough to frighten a horse. Money shall be no object; but a fair character is indispensable. Such a lady, by leaving a line with the printer of this paper, directed to L. B. with the initials of her name, the street, and number of the house, will be waited on. The strictest secrecy and honor may be relied upon.

This is no fun or hum--the writer has very few acquaintances in New-York, which induces him to take this method.
November 18th, 1801.

THE WILLING SACRIFICE.

IF France, during the unrelenting tyranny of Robespierre, exhibited unexampled crimes, it was also the scene of extraordinary virtue; of the most affecting instances of magnanimity and kindness. Of this nature was the conduct of a young man, who being a prisoner with his brother, happened to be present when the names of the victims were called over, who were summoned to appear the next day before the sanguinary tribunal. The young man found the name of his brother, who at that moment was absent, upon the fatal list. He paused only an instant to reflect, that the life of the father of a large family was of more value than his own; he answered the call, surrendered himself to the officer, and was executed in his brother's stead. A father made the same sacrifice for his son; for the tribunal was so negligent of forms, that it was not difficult to deceive its vigilance.

MEMORANDUM.

SOLON made a law, that the son should not be obliged to maintain his father, if he had not brought him up to a trade. Solon was a good legislator, but not acquainted with the art of making gentleman! It was his will that all men might have some honest trade, whereby to do good to the common wealth, and to maintain themselves and theirs; and that the council of the Areopagites should enquire how every man lived, and punish such as they found idle. The Egyptians enjoined all men to be of some vocation; and Amasis, one of their kings, made a law, that every man, once a year, should give an account how he lived.

BEAUTY DEFINED.

SOCRATES called it, a short-lived tyranny; Aristotle one of the most precious gifts of nature; Plato, the privilege of nature; Thiofrastus a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a Queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong long to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it.

CLOSE SHAVING.

A Barber once asking an old misanthropical quip, what could be the reason that women had no beards? "Lend me the pen," said Sully, "and I will write it you down."

Nature, tho' prompt her bounty to bestow,
On woman's face ordain'd no beard to grow,
For, talking still for ever and for aye,
He who should shave, would slice their chins away.

ANECDOTE.

A Clergyman of licentious character, in the north of England, once so far forgot the dignity of his profession as to give half-a-crown to some low fellows to run a race. A dissenting Teacher, the following day, took occasion to preach upon the Christian race--"Brethren, (says he) we run for a crown--not for half-a-crown."

THE HUMAN HEART.

THE heart in one hour beats 3600 times; discharges 7200 ounces of blood; and conveys through it the whole mass of blood in the body not less than 25 times. In the space of four-and-twenty hours the whole blood in the body circulates 600 times through the heart.

SONNET.

"BEWARE a speedy friend," the Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advis'd distrust;
The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first,
Look at yon oak that lifts its stately head,
And dallies with the autumnal storm, whose rage
Tempets the ocean waves; slowly it rots,
Slowly its strength increas'd through many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves unfold,
As doubtful of the spring their palest green
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the warmer sun and season bland
Mour'd, their foliage to the grove is seen
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1801.

PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

By the Ship Henry and Ann, arrived on Sunday last, at Boston, London news to the 3d October is received. The papers contain the important intelligence, that the preliminaries of PEACE between FRANCE and ENGLAND were signed on the 1st October.

This intelligence was officially announced in a Note from Lord Hawkesbury to the Lord Mayor of London, on the evening of the 1st, with a request that he would make it public immediately. The Note follows:

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

"Downing-street, Oct. 1, 1801, at night.

"My Lord,

"I have great satisfaction in informing your Lordship, that Preliminaries of Peace between Great Britain and France have been signed this evening, by myself on the part of his Majesty, and by M. Otto on the part of the French Government. I request your Lordship will have the goodness to make this intelligence immediately public in the city. I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed)

"HAWKESBURY."

The particulars of the Treaty had not transpired, but it was given in the London Courier, as conjecture, that the integrity of Turkey, Naples and Portugal, were guaranteed by France; Minorca to be restored to Spain; Malta to the ancient order of Knights, and the only conquests made during the war, to be retained by G. Britain, were, Ceylon in the East, and Trinidad in the West Indies.

The CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, it is said, is to be a free port; and BOTH PARTIES are to evacuate EGYPT.

CHARTER OFFICERS.

On Tuesday last the annual election of Charter Officers was held in the different Wards of this city,--and the following persons were chosen for the ensuing year.

First Ward.

John B. Coles, Alderman,---John Nitchie, Assistant.

Second Ward.

Robert Lenox, Alderman,---Philip Ten Eyck, Assistant.

Third Ward.

Selah Strong, Alderman,---Philip Braith, Assistant.

Fourth Ward.

Cornelius C. Roosevelt, Alderman,---Peter H. Wendover, Assistant.

Fifth Ward.

Philip J. Arcularius, Alderman,---James Drake, Assistant.

Sixth Ward.

Joshua Barker, Alderman,---Henry Verweelen, Assistant.

Seventh Ward.

Mangle Minthorne, Alderman,---Wm. W. Gilbert, Assistant.

Captain Gardiner, who arrived at this port from Petersburg, which place he left on the 16th Sept. informs, that on the 11th, it was rumored that the Emperor ALEXANDER was taken suddenly and dangerously ill; supposed to be occasioned by a stroke of Russian apoplexy--the same disorder which carried off the late Emperor PAUL.

A considerable shock of an Earthquake was felt in Philadelphia on Thursday last week, accompanied with a severe explosion, followed by a rumbling distant sound. A slight agitation was perceptible in several houses.

Capt. Wood, of the Eliza, on the 28th ult. in lat. 30 30, took up the crew of the Ich't. Besley, Cooper, of New-York, from the Bay of Honduras for New-York.

then 27 days out, the having upset and foundered. The Capt. and four of the crew arrived here in the Eliza--the six others were landed at Wilmington, North Carolina.

The sloop Three Sisters, from Montego Bay, Oct. 23, in lat. 28, long 80, parted from the Ich't. Thomas Hancock, of Millford, for Norfolk. Spoke, Nov. 3, in lat. 29 long. 82 30, brig Lucy Ann, Smith, from Port Republic for New York. Same day, brig Orion, Atkins from Havana for Boston. Oct. 31, the sloop Cicero, from Havana for Philadelphia, leaving in the gale on the 26th, lost a man overboard--and his fall and rigging very much injured--and the Capt. so ill that his life was despaired of. On the 27th, took up the Captain (Henry Livingston) and crew of the ship Eliza, from Kingston, Jam. bound to New-York, which vessel foundered at sea in lat. 29, long. 82 30. We parted the Cicero from provisions, and took two of the ship Eliza's people.

THE NAVAL VICTORY.

The United States Ich't. Enterprise, commanded by Capt. Street, arrived at Baltimore from a cruise in the Mediterranean. Capt. S. touched at Gibraltar Oct. 8, but having been ordered by Commodore Dale to America, with dispatches, he sailed immediately without going ashore, or being able to procure a paper.

The accounts which we have heard of the capture of a Tripolitan Corair by the Enterprise, have been pretty accurately stated, and the particulars may be expected in a day or two from the Navy Department, of an action the most desultory and obstinate that has occurred these many years. The corair was a Greek built ship of about 250 tons, 14 guns and 85 men. After fighting very desperate for nearly two hours, she hauled down her colors; and the men of the Enterprise left their guns and gave three cheers for the victory. At this moment the pirate poured in a broadside, up with his colors, and renewed the combat with fresh vigor, continually attempting to board, and the crew brandishing their sabres glittering in the sun, showed all the frantic fury of cannibals. Overcome, however, by the superior prowess and skill of the brave and persevering crew of this Enterprise, the Barbarian stuck again. Capt. S. then ordered her under his quarter, keeping his men to their guns. As soon as they had gained the position ordered, they opened a whole broadside again into the Enterprise, hoisted their bloody flag a second time, and attempted to board. Fight on, was then the cry on board the Ich't, and sink the perfidious villain to the bottom! Every nerve was strained to get a permanent victory; and Capt. Street's superior skill in the management of his vessel enabling him to take her fore and aft, and make great havoc and devastation on board his antagonist, the issue was certain. Her mizen mast was carried away by the wounds received, sixteen or 18 shots between wind and water opened her sides for the sea to pour in at, and 50 men killed and wounded slewed. Her treacherous commander seeing their total destruction or surrender inevitable, implored for quarters; and bending to a supplicating posture over the waist of his vessel, threw his colors into the sea, to convince his opponents that they should not be hoisted again. Capt. Street, touched with the humanity of a brave conqueror, notwithstanding their infamous behavior, stopped the effusion of blood; but as his instructions would not permit him to make a prize of her he ordered them to throw every gun, sword, pistol, their ammunition, and every thing which had the appearance of an implement of war, into the sea, and then bid them go about their business, and tell their countrymen the treatment they might expect to receive from a nation determined to pay their tribute to such villains in powder and ball.

The Enterprise, during the whole affair, which lasted about 3 hours, lost not a man.

*WANTS A PLACE.

As a HOUSE-KEEPER, a middle aged woman, well acquainted with house-keeping, and who can by well recommended. Enquire at No. 46 Bailey-street.

TO THE LADIES.

MANTUA-MAKING and MILINARY executed with neatness and dispatch at No. 193 William-street.

THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK

Are respectfully informed, that LANE, & Co. have just imported from London, a small and elegant assortment of the most fashionable FELLICES, (or Ladies Great Coats) which will be opened on Monday next, at No. 133 William-street.

Nov 21: 4w

COURT OF HYMEN.

THE charm conjugal, like a stream that glides
Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,
With many a plant along its genial side,
With many a flower, that blows in beauteous pride,
With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest
Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast,
Pure in its source, and temperate in its way,
Still flows the same, nor finds it ere decay.

MARRIED.

On the 15th June last, by the Rev. Mr. Palmer, Mr. GEORGE DOAG, to Miss HANNAH M'GRAW, both of this city.

On Sunday the 8th inst. Mr. JACOB M. HICKS, of Brooklyn, (L. I.) to Miss ELIZABETH WYCKOFF, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Wyckoff, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. JOSEPH MEERS, to Miss NANCY ROBINS, files of Esch. & Robins, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. JOHN FEELY, merchant, to Miss E. SHAW, daughter of Mr. John Shaw--all of this city.

LINES.

By a gentleman, who was asked "whether he knew Mrs. LIVINGSTON," of New-York, whose death we have days since mentioned. [Giltou Gazette.

I KNEW her not, alas! But this I know,
Her heart had melted at a stranger's woe;
Her faith or hope could not be known to me;
But I am witness of her CHARITY;
And Paul suggested that, of powers three,
That's the most comprehensive quality.

* The amiable and virtuous consort of Bruckhaill Livingston, Esq.

["MIDDLEBURY, No. 15," was received at too late an hour for this week's publication; in our next it shall be carefully inserted. "M. O." "Lines on WASHINGTON," &c. are under consideration"]

To-morrow morning a Charity Sermon will be preached in the Old Dutch Church, and a collection made for the benefit of the Charity School.---In the evening a Sermon will be preached in the New Church, and a collection made for the same benevolent purpose.

* A Charity Sermon will also be preached, to-morrow morning, at St. George's Chapel, and a collection made for the support of the Episcopal Charity School.

The sum collected at Trinity Church, last Sunday morning, amounted to 381 dollars 37 cents.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, the 23d of November, will be presented a celebrated COMEDY, called,

I'll tell you what!

OR, THE UNDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING.

To which will be added, a COMEDY, in two acts, (never performed here,) called,

Where is she?

BOX 82. PIT 6s. GALLERY 4s.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Mr. DUPONT respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that his School for day and evening scholars is now opened at the old ASSEMBLY ROOM No. 63 William Street.

Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to perfect themselves by private lessons in different characters of dances, as Allemande, Vally's, De la Cour Minuet, and Gavotte, with the Devonshire Minuet, or any other dances, &c. may depend on punctual attendance.---N. B. Those who honor Mr. Dupont with their commands, or require further particulars, will please to apply at his house, No. 73 Courtlandt-street, three doors from the corner of Greenwich-Street, where Cotillions and Country Dances of Mr. Dupont's composition may be had.

Nov. 14 6w

world

COURT OF APOLLO.

WILL CLEWLINE.

By EDWARD RUSHTON, of Liverpool.

FROM Jamaica's hot climes and her pestilent dews,
From the toil of a sugar-house bark,
From those perilous bearings that oft thin the crews,
And fill the wide maw of the shark--
From fever, storm, famine, and all the sad store
Of disasters by seamen endur'd--
Behold poor WILL CLEWLINE escap'd! and once more
With his wife and his children safe moor'd.
View the raptures that beam on his sun-embrown'd face,
While he folds his lov'd KATE to his breast;
While his little ones, trooping to share his embrace,
Content who shall first be caref'd.
View them climb his lov'd knee, while each tiny heart swells
As he presses the soft rosy lip,
And of cocoa-nuts, sugar and tamarinds tells,
That are soon to arrive from the ship.
Then see him reclin'd in his favorite chair,
With his arm round the neck of his love;
Who tells how his friends and his relatives fare,
And how their dear younglings improve.
The evening approaches; and, round the snug fire,
Their little ones sport on the floor:--
When, lo! while each accent, each glance is desire,
Loud thund'ring are heard at the door.
And now, like the tempest that sweeps thro' the sky,
And kills the first buds of the year,
Oh! view, 'midst this region of innocent joy,
A PRESS-GANG of ruffians appear!
They seize on their prey, all relentless as fate;
He struggles--is instantly bound:--
Wild scream the poor children--and, lo! his lov'd KATE
Sinks, pale and convuls'd, to the ground.
To the hold of a tender, deep, crowded and foul,
Now view the brave seaman confin'd;
And on the bare planks, all indignant of soul,
All unfriended, behold him reclin'd!
His children's wild screamings still ring in his ear;
He broods on his KATE's poignant pain:--
He hears the cat hauling--his pangs are severe;
He sighs--but he scorns to complain.
Arriv'd now at Plymouth, the poor enslav'd tar
Is to combat for Freedom and Law:
Is to brave the rough surge in a vessel of war:--
He fails--and soon dies in the cause.
KATE hears the sad tidings, and never smiles more;
She falls a meek martyr to grief:
The children kind friends and relations DEPLORE,
But the parish alone gives RELIEF.
Ye Statesmen, who manage this cold-blooded land,
And who boast of your seamen's exploits,
Ah! think how your death-dealing bulwarks are mann'd,
And learn to respect human rights.
Like felons, no more let the fowls of the main
Be fever'd from all that is dear:--
If their sufferings and wrongs be a national stain,
Let those sufferings and wrongs disappear.

ANECDOTE.

A Celebrated Practitioner was sent for to a lady who imagined herself very ill; when he came, she complained that she eat too much, slept too sound, and had a very alarming flow of spirits. "Make yourself easy, Madam," said Galen, "only follow my prescriptions, and you shall soon have no reason to complain of those things."

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by Appointment,

THE TRUE AND GENUINE

Dr. ANDERSON'S

OR THE

Famous Scots Pills.

ALSO,

ALMANACKS for 1802, per groce, dozen, or single.

MORALIST.

OBSERVATION.

IF a Prince should lose a pin from his sleeve, or a penny from his purse, and one should bring him news they are found, the things are to be considered, he would not care whether it was true or not; but if his kingdom lay at stake in the field of battle, and intelligence comes that his army has gotten the victory, O how he would long to have his hope, that is now raised a little, confirmed by another post! Is Heaven worth so little, that thou canst be satisfied with a few probabilities, and uncertain maybe's, thou shalt come thither?--thou safely despisest that blessed place, if thou be any more solicitous to know the truth of thy title to it.

EXTRACT FROM THE "THREE SPANIARDS,"

A Romance,---by GEORGE WALKER,

Author of Theodore Cyphos, Vagabond, &c.

"I waited with the greatest impatience and apprehension, expecting that Padilla and Jacques would every moment appear upon the opposite stairs, and find me exposed before them, in a place where their crime would run no danger of detection. I durst not venture to call, and my imagination began to picture some unexpected tragedy.

The old bell of the castle sounded the solemn hour of one. Its vibration seemed lengthened in my ear; where it had not ceased trembling, when a bright light darted from a door on the left at a distance, and gave me to expect the return of Fernando.

I advanced a few paces to meet him, wondering what could induce him to enter that passage in my absence, but my wonder was changed into astonishment, on beholding a phenomenon singular and unaccountable. The light, whose rays had broke upon the long obscure passage, moved forward without visible conductor, in the form of an ignis-fatuus, or marshy meteor; it moved within a foot of the pavement, with a flow and even motion, and its light was fixed and clear, without wavering on the breath of the wind.

I stood at a distance, watching this ominous appearance and expecting what might issue--nor did I many moments expect in vain. A tall figure, wrapped in a long cloak, and muffled round the head, walked solemnly into the passage. The arms were crossed upon the breast, and but a faint outline beneath the drapery marked its connection with the human form.

I shuddered as this phantom drew near; as it perfectly brought to my mind the black figure I had beheld in my dream, within a few yards of the very spot on which I then stood. Its size was equal to that of Padilla, and I should have supposed it himself in disguise, had it not been for the supernatural flame which moved forward before I wanted courage to speak or to move, waiting with terror for the event.

He moved forward, until he came within a few yards of where I stood, then solemnly raising the hood of the cloak which enveloped his head, and throwing wide his right arm, I beheld beneath the dress of a soldier stained with blood.

I flared at the sight. I doubted not but I saw before me the perturbed spirit of Count Ferendez, and my knees trembled beneath me. His countenance was pale and bloodless--his eyes were wild, yet without lustre--and death seemed stamped upon his yellow forehead. His lips were without motion; and, as he slowly passed me, he pointed to the door from which I had seen him enter."

* * The above ROMANCE, three volumes in one, lately published and for sale by D. LONGWORTH, at the "SHAKESPEARE GALLERY."---Price 9s.

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-Street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store--where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe--with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale--A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new.---To be had only at the above store.

Nov. 14.

REMOVAL.

HIRAM GARDNER, Ladies Shoe-maker, has removed his store from No. 114 to No. 91 Broadway, opposite the Trinity Church.

HIRAM GARDNER returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for their past patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting. At the same time he begs leave to inform them that he has received by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of FANCY LEATHER for Ladies Shoes, particularly a supply of elegant tea and purple colored Kid and Morocco.

NB Merchants and others may be supplied with Shoe suitable for the Southern and West-India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

November 14, 1801.

81 6w

ACADEMY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the Subscriber, who has received an Academical Education at Yale-College, continues to instruct the youth of both sexes at his Academy, No. 107 CHERRY-STREET, corner of OLIVER-STREET, and with pleasure returns his grateful acknowledgments to all those who have been his unvaried friends and patrons, and hopes by his indefatigable endeavor for the improvement of his pupils in their several branches of Education, and to form their minds to virtue and usefulness, to merit the continuance of their favors, and the approbation and support of a generous public. JOHN WARNER.

EVENING TUITION.

The Subscriber intends to open an EVENING SCHOOL on Monday evening next, the 14th November, at his Academy No. 107 Cherry-Street, corner of Oliver-Street, in the same room where he teaches his Day-School; and although an Evening School has been commenced in this vicinity at an earlier period than has been customary in general, and distinguished measures taken by the teacher to acquire extensive encouragement, yet the subscriber hopes to obtain a moderate share of patronage and encouragement, as he will receive no more scholars either into his Day or Evening School than he can carefully instruct. J. WARNER.

October 31, 1801.

79---

Quilted Silk Coats,

Made and for sale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has just completed a great assortment, which consists of the most prevailing colours, newest fashions, and of different qualities.

A few sent for trial if requested. Coats made to particular directions with care. October 31. 79 3m

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy--this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-Street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

80 3m.

WANTED,

A sober industrious woman, either white or black, to do house work--one with good recommendations, will find immediate employ, by applying at No. 148 Water Street. Nov. 14.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Printed and published by J. HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.